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SAW U-53 TAKE OIL FROM TANKER

Strathdene's Captain Tells of Torpedoing of Two Ships.

Still weary from exposure, loss of sleep and six long, exhausting hours of labor at the oars of lifeboats, thirty-two members of the crew of the British freighter Strathdene, sunk early Sunday morning off Nantucket by the German submarine U-53, arrived in New York yesterday afternoon on board the steamer P. L. M. IV, of the Oriental Navigation Company line.

The vivid picture of submarine warfare they had witnessed was still fresh in their minds, as they told how they had seen their ship sent to the bottom by the crashing explosion of a torpedo and had watched the submarine take a supply of oil from the Norwegian tanker Christian Knudsen, and then sink the tanker while their lifeboats tossed on the waves amid flying fragments of burning shells. It was a grim and memorable example of the businesslike efficiency of the German submarine which the crew of the Strathdene described yesterday.

Gun First Thing Seen.

After the P. L. M. IV had docked, Captain W. B. Wilson, of the Strathdene, hurried at once to the office of the British Consulate and was closeted most of the afternoon with the British Consul General, Clive Bayley. Mr. Bayley refused to allow reporters to see the captain, but details of the latter's version of the sinking of the Strathdene, as told on board the P. L. M. IV, were given by Captain Yates, of that vessel.

"Our first knowledge of the presence of the submarine came at 6 a. m. Sunday," said Captain Wilson. "When a shell came flying across our bow, I knew that meant instantly and ordered the vessel stopped. At first we could see nothing. Then I made out the forward gun of the submarine, which seemed to be riding on the

SURVIVORS REACH HERE WITH TALES OF SEA ATTACKS

Many on Stephano Lost All When Ship Was Sunk.

HEAR LAST TORPEDO WAS USED ON HER

Captain Warned U-Boat Americans Were on Board.

New York City had a fleeting glimpse of one of the hardships of the European war yesterday afternoon, after survivors from the torpedoed Red Cross liner Stephano arrived in the Grand Central Station.

There were thirty-one first class and twenty-five second class passengers; twenty-nine were women and fourteen children. All had left Newport shortly after 11 o'clock yesterday morning, and had been rushed to New York in charge of Purser Jones, of the Stephano, and three Red Cross women nurses, on the Boston Express, which arrived at 5 o'clock.

The first class passengers were all passed by customs inspectors before they left the train, but those who had travelled in the second cabin were marched through the crowded corridors of the station, and were huddled together in a hot, stuffy improvised hospital on the lower level of the terminal to wait until they could be formally passed by the customs men.

Suffering in Second Cabin.

It was on the passengers from the second cabin that the most severe hardship of the disaster fell. To the men and women who had been able to travel first class, the torpedoing of the big liner was something of a magnificent adventure—a thrilling episode in which not a man, woman or child was injured; one which they could recall in picturesque detail to the well dressed persons waiting to greet them at the station.

But to the second class passengers, most of whom were Newfoundlanders, in moderate circumstances, the thing was much more than an adventure. It was the ravage of war, and it had cost them, when it took their trunks and bags, nearly everything they possessed.

For three-quarters of an hour the U-boat lay alongside the Knudsen, apparently taking oil, for I saw two hoses run from the submarine into the tanker. Then the U-boat drew off, and presently we heard the crash of an exploding torpedo. The Knudsen almost immediately began to go down by the bow, and soon she had disappeared. "The submarine returned and fired two more shells into the Strathdene. When she did not go down, a torpedo was used, and I saw my ship plunge to the bottom. My boat finally reached the Nantucket lightship after a hard pull."

The P. L. M. IV was passing Nantucket Lightship on its way from Quebec to New York at about 1 p. m. yesterday, when Captain Yates saw the "urgent" signal displayed. Drawing the closer he was megaphoned to stop and was asked to take aboard part of the crew of the Strathdene. There were sixteen survivors on the lightship, only one of the Strathdene's two lifeboats having reached it. After proceeding five miles further Captain Yates sighted the second boat and the rest of the crew were taken aboard.

Shell Falls Near Lifeboat. The stories of the men of the Strathdene, told at the shipping office of the British Consulate, 25 South Street, where they were taken after their landing, coincided with that of the captain.

Dutch Steamer Awaited Turn Till U-53 Sank Stephano

Crew Watched Liner's Fate While Preparing to Leave Own Ship—Cabin Boy Now Veteran of Three Submarine Attacks.

About twenty members of the crew of the Dutch steamer Bloemerdijk, sunk Sunday afternoon by a German submarine off Nantucket, arrived last evening at the pier of the Holland-America Line in Hoboken. The crew of fifty was brought into Newport after the sinking of their ship by the United States destroyers Benham and McDougal. Those who arrived last night were the first to reach New York.

The men were reluctant to talk of their experience, and it was said their officers had warned them against it. "Our first warning that a submarine was near was when he got a shell across our bow," said one member of the crew. "We immediately laid to and the submarine appeared. We were warned to wait until she got through with the Stephano, which was in sight about two miles off. While we made our preparations to take to the boats the submarine stopped the Stephano.

which she had been transferred, circled about looking on at the sinking Stephano. "It was 6:11 when I started down to the dining room," she said. "Just as I stood at the door the first shot was fired. The stewards ran about, telling every one to be calm. I never saw a quieter crowd than the one that was hustled off the Stephano in fifteen short minutes. A steep and slippery ladder led from the sinking ship to the lifeboats. I don't know how the other women felt, but I was more afraid to go down it than I was of the submarine itself.

"About midway down the ladder I heard the young girl in front of me whimpering that she had no life preserver. When I got down I asked a man for his knife and ripped my preserver in two, giving her the right side of it. I don't know who she was, and I never saw her again. Miss Florence Jennings, our friend from New York, was on the other side of me on the ladder."

Weeps on Seeing Husband. One of the women who came smiling into the Grand Central Station last night, when she saw her husband awaiting her. Her courage reached the breaking point the instant she saw a protector at hand. She was Mrs. Martin Koehn, of Newfoundland, with nine-month-old Catherine in her arms and Marie, three years old, holding to a fold of her skirt. Marie was the youngest whom the steward had forgotten to bring down the ladder. Her mother had implored her own life going back for the child, and had found her nursing a broken-nosed doll. Marie sobbed yesterday because she had been dropped in her mother's haste.

Miss Josephine Kane and Miss Bridget Kane told their story in an account that smacked strongly of Newfoundland, which they had never played mother back for the child, and had found her nursing a broken-nosed doll. Marie sobbed yesterday because she had been dropped in her mother's haste. "Every stitch put in by hand," said Josephine.

"I cannot be married without a wedding dress, and I have no money left for clothes," Bridget said, grimly. "Miss America" was the proud title won by little Marcella Kennedy, eleven years old, of 1233 Butler Street, Philadelphia, because in the middle of her torpedoing she had kept telling the other passengers that nobody would dare hurt any of them—weren't they Americans? which they had never played mother back for the child, and had found her nursing a broken-nosed doll.

Marcella's spirit was not broken, but she had thought that her heart was, when she missed her shipboard playmate, the captain's dog, the ship mascot. Later he was found on one of the lifeboats.

Was Long in War Zone. One of the Stephano's passengers had travelled for weeks on the Mediterranean, each day expecting that his ship would be torpedoed by a German submarine. He escaped without a mishap, only to come to grief in neutral waters. He is Joseph Lupini, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, who is in the shipping business. Since January he has touched every port in France, Italy, Egypt and Malta, as well as cities on both coasts of South America. Recently he has been in Vancouver, and was returning to New York by way of Halifax. He came ashore with only the suit he was wearing and one souvenir of his experience, a life preserver.

No Hysteria on Liner. "We were all at tea in the second cabin shortly before 6 o'clock," he said, "when we heard a faint boom, evidently coming from a point several thousand yards away. The Stephano's engines were quickly reversed, then we heard the voice of the chief steward thundering through the saloon: "Every one on deck instantly!"

"There was a rush for the gangway, but no hysterical excitement. When I reached the deck above I could see the German submarine lying off to the southeast. She was riding on the surface, and I have no doubt that she was the U-53. Much closer to us and moving directly across the U-boat's line of fire was the American destroyer Balch. "There was nervousness, but no confusion, as we climbed over the side of the liner and into the lifeboats that had been launched. Six boats had been let down—a number sufficient to hold all of the passengers and the members of the crew—and the operation of each was perfect.

"For four hours the Stephano remained afloat. A typhoon ran all the time, and while we circled about her on the American destroyer her lights blazed brightly. "Toward 9 o'clock the German submarine drew close to her and with her 4-inch guns sent thirty projectiles against her at her waterline. We could see her shake beneath the terrific bombardment, but her lights still blazed brightly. So far as we were able to tell, the thirty 4-inch shells peppered against her had no more effect than so many rifle bullets would have had. "Finally, shortly after 10 o'clock, the commander of the U-boat was forced to do what he had hoped to avoid—he was compelled to send a torpedo into the Stephano's hull. The American officers on the Balch told us it was his last one."

A woman with a long green veil over her head and half a torn and jagged life preserver about her shoulders was conspicuous on the long platform in the station. She was Mrs. Charles W. Botwick, of Hudson, N. Y., and she disproved the old theories about hysterical woman-kind by telling one of the most vivid and coherent stories of the disaster to be heard at the Grand Central Station. She had set all her facts and figures down in a diary as the destroyer Balch, to

adorned with the signatures of the officers of three ships which she sank, that of Captain Hanrahan, of the torpedo destroyer Balch, and those of several rescued passengers. Gregg Kennedy reached New York with one Canadian dollar in his pocket, all that he had been able to save from his belongings. "Sure I saw the submarine," he said, just after leaving the train. "She fired a shot across our bow. We stopped, and she lowered the boats and made us get in them. It took us about ten minutes to get to the States destroyer. Then we patrolled around and had to watch the little boat blow up a Dutch tramp and fire on our ship. It wasn't very pleasant. The poor Dutchman reared up on end and went down stern first. The Stephano, without a man on her, seemed to be fighting for herself. She wouldn't sink, no matter how they filled her full of holes from their guns. At last they torpedoed her. They hit her in the boiler room, and there was a big cloud of smoke and steam. Then she settled over on her starboard side and disappeared. It was a shame to see her go like that."

His serious face suddenly changed to smile. "I came here for a vacation," he laughed. "It's a fine vacation I'm going to have on one Canadian dollar in New York City."

Continued from page 1

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U-53 Sent to Test U. S. Position, Is London View

London, Oct. 9.—The operations of the U-53 have created the greatest amount of interest here, but the Foreign Office states it is inadvisable under present circumstances to make any announcement in regard to the attitude of the British government.

"The Westminster Gazette" says: "The U-53 was shadowed by the D-2 west port, where a mysterious letter was duly handed to a journalist—the only man allowed aboard—who, in turn, posted it by the next mail."

The newspaper referred to the Entente Allied memorandum regarding submarines, which, it says, apparently was not published in the United States, although that power surely was one of those to whom it was addressed. The paper says it is certain Germany knew the contents of the memorandum, and it may be that the U-53 was sent to test the position of the United States.

"The Westminster Gazette" quotes one of President Wilson's Lusitania notes and concludes: "If the U-53 got neither fuel nor supplies at Newport it might be difficult to argue that it had used that port as a naval base, but we can say that, after claiming the hospitality of the United States, her next proceeding was to disregard the rules of fairness, reason, justice and humanity."

The U-53, scouting ten miles south of Nantucket in clear weather Sunday, was able to pick up every craft going and coming on the outside course and only had to wait for her prey.

Vessels that on being warned shifted their course to the inside route took them over the perilous shoals between Nantucket and the mainland escaped the submarine, but it is apparent that shipping generally chose the submarine danger in preference to the hazard of the shoals.

Captain Smith, of the Red Cross liner Stephano, one of the submarine's victims, apparently preferred to face the warship rather than the dangers of Nantucket shoals. The Stephano was warned of a German submarine in the "outside course," it was said, at 6 o'clock Sunday morning. A personal friend of Captain Smith said the commander evidently was confronted with the question of whether to hold his course and risk the submarine or shift to the dangerous "inside" route.

The commander's friend believed Captain Smith thought the presence on board of American passengers gave him ship immunity from attack. Had he made for the Cape Cod coast he could have proceeded easily within the three-mile limit and passed through the shoals, barring mishap, and on through Vineyard Sound and in neutral waters to New York.

Austrian Warship Lost

Paris, Oct. 9.—One of the largest Austrian warships blew up recently at Pola, according to a press dispatch from Zurich. The dispatch says that the ship was on a mission to the Adriatic, but they did not know the cause of the explosion.

Insurance Rates Jump.

Shipping circles are unduly perturbed. Although the present haul is heavy, it is pointed out that unless the German submarines have a secret base their fuel margin cannot be large and their operations, therefore, will be short.

Chief anxiety rests with the question of insurance rates, which have hardened considerably already, as loss has been expected after the loss of the Strathdene and the West Point, whose value alone is estimated at \$1,000,000, apart from the cargoes.

The price of shins and freights already gives signs of rising as a result of the raid, but unless the submarines meet with unexpected success it is not likely that the shipping supply will be affected greatly.

Some anxiety prevails in London among those whose friends are on east-

ATTACKS BEYOND THREE-MILE LIMIT

U-Boat's Position Commanded Both Lanes of Traffic.

Boston, Oct. 9.—When Lieutenant Captain Hans Rose went warring on enemy shipping he placed the submarine U-53 in a position to command both the incoming and outgoing lanes of what is known as the "outside course" of Atlantic travel.

The island of Nantucket lies twenty miles south of the elbow of Cape Cod. The Nantucket Lightship is stationed forty-five miles south of Nantucket Island. Between the island and the lightship are dangerous shoals. Accordingly, while operating off the lightship the U-53 was forty-five miles from American territory and sixty-five miles from the mainland. So far as an invasion of the three-mile limit neutral zone was concerned, the warship might as well have been in midocean.

Immediately south of Nantucket Island is the land followed by eastbound vessels. Twenty miles south of the island is the path of shipping bound for New York.

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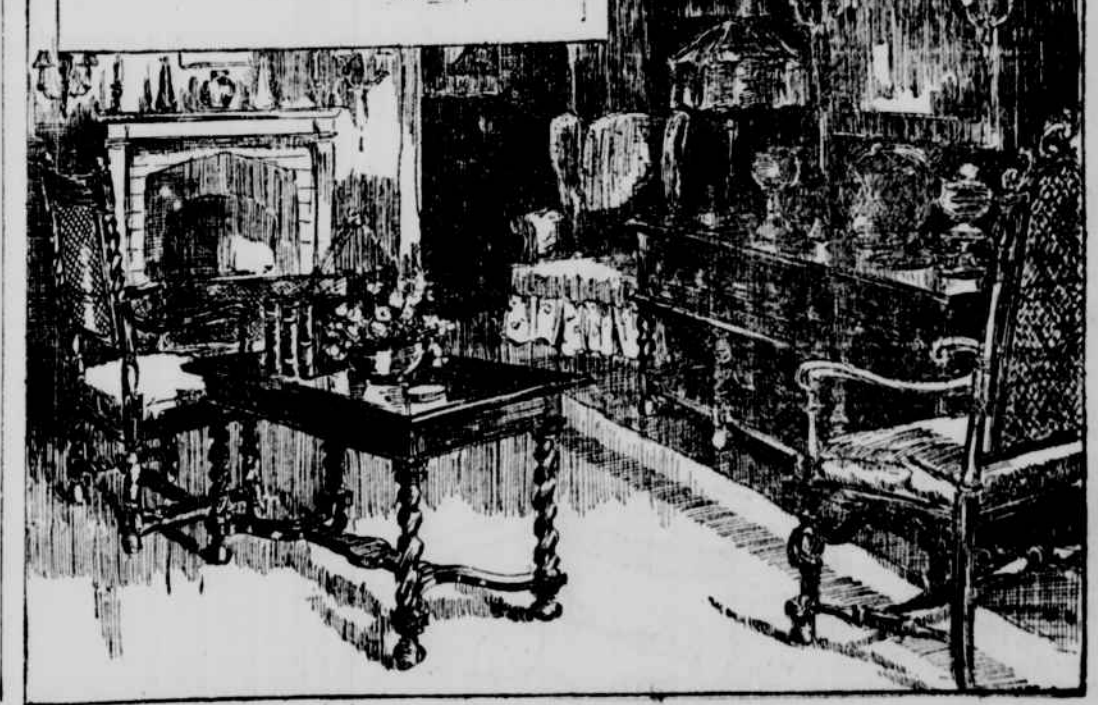
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